



THE HAYMARKET AND THEREABOUT.

## THE FROG IN THE BLOCK OF COAL.

It is not generally known that the frog, whose untimely decease the Commissioners of the International Exhibition are now mourning, continued up to the day of its death to express itself in the Welsh tongue, with a degree of fluency the more extraordinary when we consider the very lengthened period of its incarceration. The public is aware that on its first liberation from the block of coal, it made a communication in Welsh, supposed to relate to the cause of its being so immured, but in consequence of no person present understanding that language, this interesting piece of antediluvian history was lost, for since then the Frog exhibited an evident repugnance to touch upon the topic, which may we therefore suppose have been a tender one. As soon as it became known that the language it spoke was Welsh, an interpreter, one DAVID AP MORGAN AP REES, gratuitously offered his services, and it is from him that we have learnt the following interesting particulars.

DAVID AP REES informs us that the Frog from the first, displayed a great desire to ascertain the public opinion concerning itself, and on hearing that some sceptics deemed it an imposture, it swelled visibly, foamed at the mouth, and exclaimed in a most excited state "cwmddrwllydd llanwrt y dwyhdcswrt," which our informant tells us is a malediction of most fearful import. A few days later it introduced the subject again, and on REES telling it that public opinion had changed, and now inclined to consider it the identical Frog who was swallowed up by the lily-white duck, it appeared very uneasy, but assuming an air of nonchalance, it said the report was a *canard*. REES judging from the agitation of the Frog when it heard of its brother's tragical end, and the concern and dejection depicted on its countenance, as it was told the nature of his ill-fated journey, says he considers the Frog had been crossed in love, and that that had something to do with the abnormal position in which it was found. This, however, is merely a conjecture.

The Frog was visited during its short sojourn in the International Exhibition by several distinguished men of science, among others, by SIR RODERICK MURCHISON, who after a careful inspection of the block of coal, and its late tenant, went away as much a disbeliever as he came, for he was heard to exclaim, with great emphasis, "Blue lias," alluding, we suppose, in a somewhat hasty manner, to the exhibitors of the Frog and Coal. Not so MR. MAX MULLER, who held a lengthened conversation with the Frog, and pronounced it to be of the Aryan family, and a disciple of Zoroaster.

About a week before its death, MR. BUCKLAND, the naturalist, hearing that it was ailing, sent a messenger to inquire whether, in the event of its decease, it would wish to be stuffed, or preserved in spirits; offering in either case to perform the operation. The Frog returned no answer; but became from that period very nervous and hypochondriacal, took to feeling its pulse, changed colour when a Frenchman passed, and showed every sign of a confirmed croaker; and shortly after, to the deep regret of HER MAJESTY'S Commissioners and the public generally, it breathed its last.

## PALACE AND PRISON.

In the fort of Varignano,  
On a hard and narrow bed,  
Brooding thoughts, as a volcano  
Broodeth lava-floods unshed,  
Lies a chained and crippled hero,  
Balked and baffled, not subdued,  
Though his fortune's sunk to zero,  
At blood-heat still stands his mood.

In his sumptuous sea-side palace,  
Where Biarritz looks o'er sea,  
With all splendour, for such solace  
As from splendour wrung may be,  
Sits a crowned and sceptred sovereign,  
Strong in arms, more strong in art,  
Wrapped in thoughts past men's discovering,  
With a marble stone for heart.

From her centuries' sleep arisen,  
Clenching half unfettered hands,  
'Twixt that palace and that prison,  
Flushed and fierce Italia stands.  
Brave words she has owed that ruler,  
Brave words and brave deeds as well,  
Now she doubts he fain would fool her  
Of the hopes he helped to swell.

So with visage dark and lowering  
She that palace-threshold spurns,  
And with tenderness o'er-powering  
To the fortress-prison turns.  
Ne'er a doubt of the devotion  
Of that chained and crippled emotion,  
Clouds her love's profound emotion,  
Stays the passion of her grief.

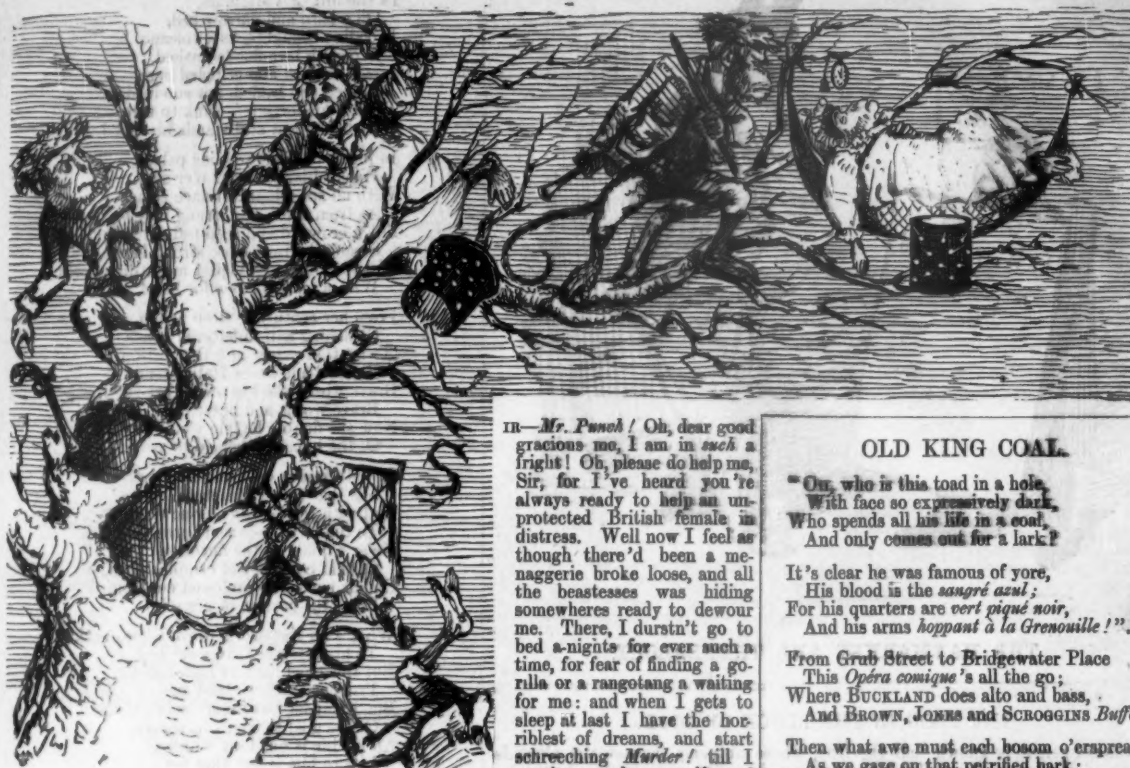
What's an Emperor's word, whose action  
To his utterance gives the lie?  
But this chief for love bade faction,  
Prudence, policy stand by—  
Blind may-be, but blind for brightness  
Of the goal to which he strove,  
All his life is one long witness  
Life to him is less than love.

Then what wonder to the prison  
From the palace if she turn?  
'Tis her star that newly risen  
O'er that fortress-cell doth burn.  
The true prison is that palace,  
And that prisoner is true king!  
Were his pallet-bed a gallows,  
There Italia's heart would cling,  
Not to yon man dark and callous,  
Girt by his base courtier-ring.

## THE PARTY AT THE PAVILION.

LORD RANELAGH has been feasted at that exquisite edifice the Pavilion, at Brighton, by nearly three hundred Volunteers. They presented JONES the Avenger with two swords in testimony of his services to the cause of Volunteering. One weapon was splendid, and for show, the other serviceable, and for use. His Lordship, in the course of his speech in acknowledgment, said that he expected to find his picture in *Punch*, and that he should be represented as a Japanese, wearing the two swords which indicate merit in Japan. Mr. Punch obliges him with literary, *vice* pictorial immortality, but in so doing has no idea of ridiculing a nobleman who in his way, not perhaps always the most bland (but Rifleman can't be made with rosewater,) did very much towards promoting the introduction of arms of precision, before it became fashionable to patronise them, and who is a very energetic and useful officer of Volunteers. There is such a thing as having a little too much self-assertion, and a little too lively a sense of one's own merits; but on the other hand it is a very good thing to be in earnest, and it is doubtless aggravating to be treated to the cold shoulder by Swells who take up one's own ideas and get *kudos* by doing so. Mr. Punch might pick a crow and two with his friend JONES the Avenger, touching several matters, but he abstains from any ornithological process, except so far as very cheerfully to stick this feather in LORD RANELAGH's schako.

## GORILLA HUNTING IN GREAT BRITAIN.



be in hearing of me. And it's all along of that there ojus BETSY BAKER, who, when she come to take a dish of tea and shrimps with me last evenink, brought a country paper with her, as she said, for my amusement. A nice sort of amusement truly for a poor dear lonely nervous weak and elderly maiden lady to be frightened into fits and high strikes by seeing through her spectacles such a nawful piece of intelligence as this:—

"COURAGEOUS CONDUCT OF AN OLD LADY.—At M., near N., an elderly lady, Miss X., resides in a semi-detached house in—Street. The only other occupant of the house was a maid-servant. About two o'clock on Wednesday morning week Miss X. was awake by a man's arm being thrust under the bed in which she was lying, the intruder on being questioned, saying he was in search of money. The fellow at once made off, closely pursued by the old lady. On the way out he seized a poker, and (having apparently previously prepared for his escape) succeeded in locking the street-door from the outside, taking away the key. Miss X. at once opened a window and leaped into the street, but was so stunned by the fall, which is several feet, that she for some time was unable to give chase or alarm. The burglar got clean away, and from the finding of the poker on the Seaborough Road it is presumed he has gone thither. The man is supposed to have been secreted in the house overnight, as he had made sure of locking the street-door after him. He had lit a candle, which seems to have been burning an hour. He had ransacked all the house, but failed to discover the plate and money; but has got together and carried off about £50 value of watches, brooches, lockets, chains, rings, and sundry articles of jewellery. The East Riding constabulary are in hot chase, and are stimulated by a reward which has just been offered for the capture of the burglar."

"Well, all as I can say is that I hope as the cornstubblesairy (which I suppose it's the perlice is meant by that there word, but lawks! them gents who write the newspapers always try to write so grand, that a deal of their fine English is as good as Greek to me), I say I hope the cumstabweary was mounted on good hosses, which being on duty for a *Riding*, in course by right they ought to be, and after their 'hot chase' I hope they've warmed the jacket of the beast they were a-hunting which if I'd my will and pleasure, all such brutes should be chained up in a criminal menagerie, and so prevented from a breaking into people's homes and housea, and a robbing poor old ladies of their brooches and bright pokers, and other articles of jewellery, perhaps even their warming-pan as well as their gold watch. What I say is, it's a shame that here in this here nineteenth century and civilised community a poor, weak, unprotected female can't sleep quiet in her bed without the dread of being woke by some gooriller of a burglar, who's like to cut her throat or blow her poor dear brains out, besides buggeriously robbing her of all her little comforts, such as rings and necklaces, bracelets and gold chains. Here one pays a mint o' money every quarter for perlice-rate (and what makes 'em so expensive, unless it be their whiskers, I'm sure I can't divine), and yet one can't take up a paper without one's being orrified by hawful deeds committed by bugglers and garotters, who goes a prowling like goorillers a seeking poor old lonely unprotected females to dewour!"

"Hoping as you'll save us from being murdered in our beds, besides having all our jewels stolen (and really I scarce know which of them calamities is wuss), I remain, dear Mr. Punch, yours all in a flutter,

"Aspen Cottage, Quiverton, near Quakeborough."

"SARAH SHIVERS."

## OLD KING COAL.

"Ow, who is this toad in a hole  
With face so expressively dark,  
Who spends all his life in a coal,  
And only comes out for a lark?"

It's clear he was famous of yore,  
His blood in the *sangré azul*;  
For his quarters are *vert piqué noir*,  
And his arms *hoppant à la Grenouille*!"

From Grub Street to Bridgewater Place  
This *Opéra comique*'s all the go;  
Where BUCKLAND does alto and bass,  
And BROWN, JONES and SCROGGINS *Buffo*.

Then what awe must each bosom o'erspread  
As we gaze on that petrified back;  
On the bust of this quaint figure-head  
That has yachted with Noah in the ark:

When we think that these somnolent eyes  
With morning primeval awoke,—  
That this solo (though sweet for its size)  
Preluded Lab'rinthodon's croak!

Come Mammoth and Mastodon back,  
Iguanodon, Saurian grim—  
You may rattle your bones till they crack,  
But you can't hold a candle to him:

*Trap, oölite, granite, and gneiss*—  
Here's a *stratum* will give you a hint;  
*Azoica*, you're shelved in a trice,  
*Sand, lia, stalactite, and flint*.

Hence, Ammonites! yield to your fate—  
You are gravell'd for many a year;—  
*Quartz, silica, porphyry, and slate*,  
Walk your chalks! you've no chance with  
what's here.

For there's nothing in bone or in shell  
So ancient the *swains* can show;  
As the *Restes* of this black little swell—  
As the Case of poor JOHNNY CHAFAUD!

## Good News for the Juveniles.

Now, boys and girls, look out for a splendid Lord Mayor's Show this year. For, do you know, ALDERMAN ROSE is the new Mayor, and he is bound to give you a good spectacle, for, what do you think?—he is a Spectacle-Maker!

MOTTO FOR A "BRIDEGROOM."

*Veni! Vidi!! Vici!!!*  
I've been! and gone!! and done it!!!



## THE NAGGLETONS ON THEIR TOUR.

*The Scene represents the Interior of a First-Class Carriage. The distinguished Couple have it all to themselves, and are going from one Seaside place to another at an hour's distance.*

*Mrs. Naggleton.* Of course you've left the keys behind.

*Mr. Naggleton.* Why of course? Because you always do? It happens that I haven't, for here they are. What else may be left behind I can't say.

*Mrs. N.* No, you took care to have business to go out about when you might have helped me in packing.

*Mr. N.* Yes, for the last time I made the offer, you sent me packing myself. Ha! ha!

*Mrs. N.* You intend that for some kind of joke, I suppose. It would be a very good thing if people didn't attempt what they don't understand. But because WYNDHAM WAREHAM says clever things, all the "Flips" club must try to imitate him, which is very pitiable.

*Mr. N.* I thought, my dear, that having (ironically) so many accomplishments, you could afford not to set up for a judge of wit.

*Mrs. N.* I know real wit when I hear it, and I know that it is very unlike the ridiculous and vulgar banter that passes for it at the "Flips," at least if I may judge by the specimens you bring home, though to be sure you may spoil them in brimings; likely enough, considering the state in which you come home.

*Mr. N.* There are so many counts to that indictment, my dear, that I will plead to the last only, and say that you never saw me the worse for what I had taken at the little social meeting that always excites your spite.

*Mrs. N.* I didn't say you were the worse. On the contrary, if you come home rather foolish, you are good-natured, and not much inclined to talk.

*Mr. N.* Your amiability, my dear, is an encouragement to me to persevere in pressing these little holidays upon you. A cheerful companion more than repays any trouble or expense she may occasion.

*Mrs. N.* I understand your manly and generous meaning, Mr. NAGGLETON. But I am neither vexed nor surprised. I require no new proof that your earlier life was not passed in good society. The idea that, in return for her railway fare, a lady is to amuse you, is so essentially commercial that it would make one smile, but that the children are in daily danger of imbibing such lessons.

*Mr. N.* If they imbibe nothing worse than my teaching, Mrs. NAGGLETON, they will do no harm. I can't say as much if they imbibe what I have seen you giving them at lunch, namely, Burton ale.

*Mrs. N.* I believe that I am responsible to their medical attendant for their dietary, Mr. NAGGLETON.

*Mr. N.* Has your own dietary included a dictionary, swallowed by mistake, my love? Because you are bringing out the long words, uncommon, this morning.

*Mrs. N.* I can well understand (smiling) that you had no such complaint to make of the first Mrs. NAGGLETON. I think she spelt coffee with the same letters as cough, did she not, dear?

*Mr. N.* It's untrue. And whatever she spelt coffee with, M'n, she made it with hot water, which is a precious deal more than I can get her successor to do.

*Mrs. N.* Her successor should have been a kitchen-maid, my dear.

*Mr. N.* Well, in the matter of tongue and temper, that might have involved no great change in my present happiness, my love.

*Mrs. N.* WYNDHAM WAREHAM must have given you quite a heap of his old sayings, which he has worn threadbare, and can't use any longer. Are they the perquisites of his followers? You come out quite smart in them. What a pity it is you forget them before company, and try nonsense of your own!

*Mr. N.* Ah, my dear, when we want to wound we shouldn't show that we are in a rage. Calm yourself down to your usual ill-temper, and you may be more disagreeable. At present you are a study—and I may add, thanks to sea air, a brown study.

*[Proud of his victory, he begins to read the paper, elaborately.]*

*Mrs. N.* (sadly). If anything should happen to you, HENRY, I will try to forget all the insults you have rejoiced to heap upon me. But you will make that duty very, very, very difficult.

*Mr. N.* Indeed, love? Well, I promise you this. I'll try and postpone it for you as long as I possibly can.

*Mrs. N.* Yes, it is very well to talk so, but I assure you, HENRY, the thought comes to me very often, and prevents my taking notice of many and many a thing which I ought to resent.

*Mr. N.* Deuce it does? You resent most things, and grumble at the rest. What was that station we passed?

*Mrs. N.* Tinkleby. Couldn't you read that? How your eyes are failing, and what childish vanity not to wear spectacles.

*Mr. N.* Vanity. Ha! ha! what have I to be vain of?

*[Meaning a bitter satire on his matrimonial acquisition.]*

*Mrs. N.* (accepting the challenge). I really don't know. And pride, which is a nobler thing, I do not suppose you are capable of feeling. I have read that it is much dulled by the instincts of commerce.

Certainly WYNDHAM WAREHAM, your model, did say that you had reason to be proud of your marriage, but it is not for me to recalc such expressions of opinion.

*Mr. N.* Well, strictly speaking, my dear, it is not, but their rarity shall be your excuse. And WAREHAM's so good a judge on conjugal matters that he has kept himself single, and means to do so.

*Mrs. N.* Ah! a joke recolent of spirits and water and tobacco-smoke, and would suit the "Flips" at two in the morning.

*Mr. N.* Your ridiculous animosity to that harmless meeting is perfectly unaccountable, Mrs. NAGGLETON.

*Mrs. N.* Animosity?—no. But I regret that the children are liable to hear, through servants, who may learn it from tradesmen, that you are in that kind of society. I wish you could pass by another name than your own among such a set.

*Mr. N.* (furious). Set! By Jove, Mrs. NAGGLETON, you talk as if you had been born in the purple—that is to say, to suit your understanding, as if your uncle had been a marquis instead of a man—

*Mrs. N.* The department of the medical profession more especially pursued by my lamented uncle, is one which can afford to disregard the scolds of vulgarity.

*Mr. N.* Another burst of dictionary talk. Do you think it proper in a first-class carriage. If you cut your words in proportion to the fares, I should like to travel third.

*Mrs. N.* I make no doubt that in the third-class carriage you would find companions who would suit you. You might even fancy yourself at the "Flips" humbly listening to WYNDHAM WAREHAM.

*Mr. N.* That's about the tenth time you've dragged in that man's name by the head and shoulders. What has he done to offend you?

*Mrs. N.* He? Nothing. I shouldn't speak to him if we met, for I think him a bad style of man, and though one rather likes anybody who is first in his way, it is really such a very small triumph to be first at the "Flips," that I cannot make a hero out of WYNDHAM WAREHAM. Perhaps I should, like you, if I looked at him through a glass of spirits.

*Mr. N.* I had thoughts of withdrawing from that club, Mrs. NAGGLETON, but I am now resolved that I will accept the invitation to take the chair at the next monthly meeting.

*Mrs. N.* Lor, why shouldn't you. I dare say you will not make much of a failure. I know EDWARD CLARKSON took it, and they said did very well, and you know he is the greatest idiot in the world.

*Mr. N.* (emphatically). No, Madam, he is not. That name belongs to a man who did not know when he was well off, but must needs—

*Guard.* Tickets, all tickets ready.

*Mr. N.* I gave them to you. Why don't you get them out?

*Mrs. N.* I shall get them out when they're wanted, and not till then.

*Mr. N.* (angrily). You have no right to delay the whole train by your petulance.

*Mrs. N.* (unmoved). Haven't I? But I shall, if I please.

*[And she does please.]*

## TO BE SOLD—THE MATERIALS OF THE GREAT GLOBE.

"The Great Globe itself,  
Yea, all that it inherits, shall dissolve,  
And like the baseless fabric of a vision,  
Leave not a wreck behind."—SHAKESPEARE and DR. CUMMING.

THE composition of the crust of the Great Globe, and the nature of its contents have long been matters of curious interest to the geological student. A fine opportunity is now presented for investigating both the one and the other.

From our own observations (in Leicester Square) we are forced to the conclusion that the theories hitherto prevalent as to the composition of the Globe's crust are entirely erroneous. The real substance of that crust is neither silurian nor igneous rock, neither trap nor basalt, gneiss nor hornblende, slate nor shale, but fir barks, with lath and plaster filling up their interstices. The contents of the interior of the Globe, instead of mineral substances in a state of fluidity and at a great heat, as our geologists have hastily inferred, turn out to be tattered canvas, ragged bits of framework composed of profling and battens, lime dust, scaffold poles, trestles, old shoes, rags and rubbish, and as the very core of the squalid mass, an object which is ignorantly described as a statue of GEORGE THE SECOND, but which we conclude to be an oddly formed preadamite boulder, with one of those faint and accidental resemblances to humanity, which are often found in masses of natural stone.

## Appeal Against Wrong.

WE hear that Mr. W. F. WYNDHAM has lodged notice of appeal against the harsh decision of the tribunal that declared him capable of managing his own affairs. We hope that this gentleman will succeed in reversing an injustice, and we think that he is not likely to fail for want of evidence. The wishes of all decent folks are heartily with him.



## GROUNDLESS ALARM.

*Darling (in straw hat).* "WHAT ARE YOU BUYING, DEAR?"

*Darling (in black hat).* "WHY, I'M BUYING A PUNCH. THE IMPUDENT THING HAS PUT ME IN AS ONE OF HIS GIRLS!"

## A LIFE OF LITTLE VALUE.

At the conclusion of a Coroner's inquest, held in the East of London on the body of a poor woman named CHARLOTTE CRIPPIN—

"The jury returned the following special verdict—That deceased expired from the effects of inflammation of the stomach, accelerated by the want of the common necessities of life; and the jury unanimously censure the conduct of MR. BLANK, the assistant relieving officer of the Local Union, in the matter, and consider that he did not perform his duty; and the jury further desire to recommend that in future the Board of Guardians should make due inquiries as to how inmates of the Union are likely to be taken care of outside the house, before ordering their removal from it."

In the above extract we have disguised names, because the relieving officer, whom we call MR. BLANK, denied the statement by one of the witnesses, whereon the censure of the jury was grounded, and also because, as the servant of the Board of Guardians, he most likely acted under his masters' orders, or at least, according to their instructions. But if the evidence against him and them is credible, here is a case of criminal breach of duty which contributed to the causation of a pauper's death, and that under extremely horrible circumstances.

In summing up, the Coroner stated that:—

"It was clear that the deceased and her family, being in extreme starvation, presented herself at the union-house, and represented her husband as starving her. Without the most ordinary inquiry as to whether he was doing so from neglect or through necessity, the Board of Guardians ordered CRIPPIN to be proceeded against. MR. BLANK, the relieving officer, went to CRIPPIN, and under a threat of three months' imprisonment, compelled him to remove his family. They were placed in a room and there had to undergo such dreadful starvation that deceased died of the effects, and they would have all perished had not their groans attracted the attention of the neighbours."

If MRS. CRIPPIN had been what Society calls a respectable person, and had met her death through a railway accident caused by an oversight or blunder on the part of a guard, an engine-driver, or a signalman, would not the coroner's jury have returned a verdict of manslaughter against the unfortunate rather than culpable official? Had the accident arisen from his gross carelessness with the aggravation of

savage brutality, would not a higher and more rational Court have confirmed the verdict? Of course it is quite possible that the censure pronounced as above on MR. BLANK was wholly undeserved. But if the evidence really proved that the deceased was starved to death by his fault, the verdict ought to have gone beyond mere censure. It ought, indeed, also to have implicated the Board of Guardians still more highly than their officer; but no coroner's jury can be expected to be consistent enough to criminate a Board.

## NEITHER FISH, FLESH, NOR GOOD RED HERRING.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"AMONG the innumerable complaints against the Refreshment Department at MESSRS. KELK AND LUCAS'S Show, I see one which I think unfounded. A person writes to say that he took his sister into one of the eating rooms, and that they were not allowed to sit down. Why, what do you think he says he demanded? 'A Bat apiece and some coffee.' What a very objectionable lunch, Sir. I am not particular, but I should be sorry to sit at the same table with a person who could eat a Bat. I suppose he was going to order the lady a roast owl to follow, and perhaps some nice efts for dessert. Really, I think for once that the discourtesy of the refreshment people was not out of place.

"University Club."

"Yours, very faithfully,

"BACCHUS BEESWING."

## The only Political Question.

THERE is at present but one political question which is agitated at public meetings, but that one is heard whenever certain Members of Parliament address their constituents. That question is "Who voted for the New Game Law Act?" It is invariably followed by a storm of yells and hisses.



## SETTLING THE ITALIAN DIFFICULTY.

VICTOR TO LOUIS. "NO!—YOU LOOK AFTER THE OLD WOMAN—I'LL TAKE CARE OF HER LUGGAGE."



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THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

## UNIVERSAL ALLIANCE

FOR THE DEPRESSION OF ANIMAL SPIRITS AND ENCOURAGEMENT OF GLOOM.

## ADDRESS.

In modern times, when uninterrupted sunshine, celestial and commercial, is apt to engender a too felicitous warmth, the Universal Alliance for the Depression of Animal Spirits and Encouragement of Gloom, deem it desirable by the damp blanket of expostulation, to repel hilarity and give the jocund glow a check. With this object in view we reverse the telescope, and contemplate scenes that are brightest through its diminishing end.

The Universal Alliance with which is incorporated the "Anti-joking Society" (registered in accordance with the provisions of the unfriendly Acts) was established by a few low-spirited and smile-despising men assembled for mutual consolation on a foggy evening under the shadow of the Exeter Arcade. For many years past, their efforts to displease have been abundantly crowned with success. It is now proposed to supplement individual exertion by legislative restrictions. With this intent, application will shortly be made to Parliament to impose penalties on all persons exhibiting animal spirits above a certain standard—grin-proof—or provoking in others that exhilaration which no member of this Alliance has ever been known to display.

A few examples, showing the evils complained of, and sought to be abolished by the Universal Alliance, may here be quoted from their Quarterly Review:—

A vivacious young Lady, the niece of a High-Church Canon, with whom she resided, in a fit of temporary insanity furtively drew away the easy chair in which he was about to deposit himself. The consequences were disastrous. The Canon subsided on the *tapis*, and the spectators were thrown into frightful convulsions. Worst of all, the Canon never quite recovered his dignity, and the name of his niece having been expunged from his Will, a loss was entailed upon her amounting to not less than one thousand pounds!

And again, A mischief-loving little boy, sitting at his grandmother's feet, as she was reading her *Horatio* with a severe countenance, enunciated the following query from *Esop's Fables*: "If a nut could speak what would it say?" "Hold your tongue," was the natural reply; to which however the boy demurred. "Wrong you are, Granny," he observed, "it would say, Hold your jaw!" The delinquent was instantly whipped and sent to bed, where his screams became so terrific as to frighten the spirited horses of a troop of dragoons marching along the road, seven of whom were dismounted with a broken skull!

If further argument were required to prove our position, it could be supplied. It is true that the Registrar-General occasionally reports a case of quinsy cured by the exercise of the risible muscles, and we have no wish to banish any remedial agent from the London Pharmacopœia. A joke may at any time be taken medicinally, provided always that the invalid is a free member of the Alliance (one of seven years standing), and his annual subscription is not in arrear.

To the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH the grateful acknowledgments of the Alliance are due, for the gloom cast over Europe by his prolonged occupation of the Papal territories. The POPE OF ROME and the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA may also claim credit for the tacit recognition of the Alliance, by their repressive form of government. Chiefly, however, to the American people the Alliance look for sympathy in their hour of trial. So long as one section of that soft-hearted nation, resolves on securing harmony of opinion by martial law, and on annihilating at any sacrifice all political dissenters, the Alliance can afford to groan at the derision of its most cheerful adversaries.

In conclusion, the Alliance cannot refrain from expressing the mental anguish which they suffer owing to the gay and sportive tone continually adopted by HER MAJESTY'S Prime Minister. Petitions of remonstrance are now ready, and lie in the dark chamber of the Council, to which signatures are earnestly desired. The confidence which the country at large has derived from the Volunteer movement, still acts prejudicially against the interests of the Alliance, and large numbers who, before it originated, were inclined to give us their adherence, now regard us with a lively air of scorn. One provincial town, however, which *lucet à non lucendo*, while looking on the Bright side of things, wears the dullest aspect, is still honourably bent on keeping faith with the Alliance by not manifesting any patriotic spirit at all. It is hoped that the pacific Member for Rochdale will, next Session, succeed in extinguishing the present crowing administration, and that the downfall of the playful Bottleholder, will restore that gloom to our political prospects, which if History may be credited, his Tory Opponent since the repeal of the Corn Laws, has for any considerable time been powerless to create.

ANSWER TO THE SHAPTESBURY CONUNDRUM.—"York, you 're wanted." *a*

## CASSIUS OF NEW YORK AND FRANCIS LATE OF NAPLES.

We publish the following correspondence *pur et simple*. It needs no comment.

(No. 3.)

CASSIUS to FRANCIS.

Honoured Sir,—Reverting to our correspondence of the 1st April, I have the high satisfaction to announce that I have succeeded in winning A. B. and C. over to my opinion, viz.: that one Monarchy is preferable to two Republics. Under these circumstances will you accept the crown?

Profoundly yours, CASSIUS CLAY.

To H. M. E. M. FRANCIS, late of Naples.

(No. 4.)

FRANCIS to CASSIUS.

Sir,—I will; but mind, there must be no *habeas corpus*, nor any antiquated nonsense of that sort.

Yours, &amp;c.,

FRANCIS.

To CASSIUS CLAY.

(No. 5.)

CASSIUS to FRANCIS.

Honoured Sir,—We are all agreed—there must be no *habeas corpus* nor any antiquated nonsense of that sort. Any further requirement will meet with our prompt submission.

Profoundly yours,

To H. M. E. M. FRANCIS, late of Naples.

CASSIUS CLAY.

(No. 6.)

FRANCIS to CASSIUS.

Sir,—Remember, I allow no Press in my dominions unless it has a Government screw to it.

Yours, &amp;c.,

FRANCIS.

To CASSIUS CLAY.

(No. 7.)

CASSIUS to FRANCIS.

Honoured Sir,—Your wishes have been anticipated. We have no Press without a Government screw to it.

Profoundly yours,

To H. M. E. M. FRANCIS, late of Naples.

CASSIUS CLAY.

(No. 8.)

FRANCIS to CASSIUS.

Sir,—I am pleased to find you fall in so readily with my views. Of course you will understand there is to be no Parliament, Chamber of Deputies, Congress, or similar nuisance. And by the bye, you have not mentioned the Civil List.

Yours, &amp;c.,

FRANCIS.

To CASSIUS CLAY.

(No. 9.)

CASSIUS to FRANCIS.

Honoured Sir,—Civil List at your discretion. May I hope under the new régime, to be appointed Principal Polisher in ordinary of your Majesty's boots?

Profoundly yours,

To H. M. E. M. FRANCIS, late of Naples.

CASSIUS CLAY.

(No. 10.)

FRANCIS to CASSIUS.

Sir,—Certainly not; I require my Prime Minister to polish my boots, you may polish his if you choose.

Yours, &amp;c.,

FRANCIS.

To CASSIUS CLAY.

(No. 11.)

CASSIUS to FRANCIS.

Honoured Sir,—You may command me in any way, but I earnestly solicit the favour of being allowed to put my brushes on the steps of the English Ambassador.

Yours, profoundly,

To H. M. E. M. FRANCIS,  
Espeçant Grand Lama of the  
Re-United States.

CASSIUS CLAY.

## Truth Sometimes in a Bit of Flirtation.

(A Conversation between two Waltzes.)

Infatuated Youth. Oh! JULIA dearest, allow me a small place in your heart—just a little corner.

Julia (who is a fearful flirt). Oh! yes—you are at liberty to enter, but I tell you beforehand that you will find it most inconveniently crowded. If you have any sense of comfort, you'll remain outside. It's a perfect crush-room. Wait till a few of the others have gone.



MOTHER'S PET. "Oh, there's Ma on the Beach looking at us, Alfred; let's make the Boat lean over tremendously on one side!"

### BOLTON AND ITS BENEFACTOR.

THE spinning-mule made Bolton. SAMUEL CROMPTON made the spinning-mule.

SAMUEL CROMPTON lived a struggling, over-reached, and harassed life, was supported in his old age by charity, and owes the unshaped block of Lancashire grit that covers his grave, and symbolises the rugged, unyielding, but massive mind of the man, to the same fund which found him in bitter bread during the latter days of his ill-starred and ill-requited labours.

SAMUEL CROMPTON died in 1827 at the age of 74, and now Bolton, whose master-manufacturers cheated him living, honours him dead by a statue. On that spinning-mule are built up her acres of mills and her miles of machinery, the wages of her tens of thousands of hands and the fortunes of her hundreds of Cotton Lords. Nobody can say that Bolton has been too quick to pay even this much of her debt to SAMUEL CROMPTON, but better late than never. It would be ungracious to remind her how SAMUEL CROMPTON was allowed to live, and in what circumstances he died. But SAMUEL CROMPTON left more behind him than his great invention, and the memory of his wrongs and struggles. He begat sons and daughters as well as invented mules. He died a pauper, and they have fared as the children of those who die paupers are apt to do.

Of course it will be supposed that when Bolton takes to honour the memory of SAMUEL CROMPTON with an image of him in granite, the images he left of himself in flesh and blood have not been forgotten. But Bolton does not visit the benefits of the father upon the children. One of SAMUEL CROMPTON's sons is living a dependent on charity, as his father died. Somebody bought him a suit of clothes that he might make a decent appearance at the inauguration of his father's statue. Besides this son, there are living some half a dozen grandchildren, some dozen great-grandchildren, of the inventor—all, with one exception, in poverty of the meanest, most pinching kind. Not one of them, son, grandchildren, or great-grandchildren, was invited to the inauguration of SAMUEL CROMPTON's statue. It seems that only by accident was the fact of their existence made known to the meeting which attended the unveiling of the monument.

The Committee, no doubt, were equally ignorant. If they had known that SAMUEL CROMPTON had a son living, and had been cognisant of

that son's plight, and the plight of the grandchildren and great-grandchildren, of course they would have sought them out, with help and encouragement—would have kindly seen that they had places at the inauguration and the feast, would have taken care that some ray of the warmth of gratitude, now tardily turned towards the inventor of the mule, should reach and cheer the cold hearths of his descendants. It would be an insult to the good taste and good feeling of Bolton to suppose that while any of SAMUEL CROMPTON's children asked for bread, Bolton could, wittingly, have offered them a stone—even in the flattering shape of SAMUEL CROMPTON's statue.

Bolton will, no doubt, prove that we are right in attributing to ignorance the absence of all recognition or help to SAMUEL CROMPTON's living descendants. We shall soon hear of the Crompton Fund for assuring bread, clothes, and shelter to the son, and education, and a helping hand in life to the grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Nor need the contributions to such a fund be confined to Bolton. All Cottonia owes its pounds and its mites to the same cause. *En attendant*, let Bolton and the cotton counties remember, that while SAMUEL CROMPTON's statue looks down on one of SAMUEL CROMPTON's children, whether in the first, second or third generation, wrestling with distress or growing up in the ignorance of grievous poverty, it is rather a monument of their own shame than of SAMUEL CROMPTON's inventive power.

### A BRUTAL IMPROVEMENT.

THE attention of farmers and landed proprietors is called to the subjoined extract from the report of a speech, made at Melton Mowbray the other day, at the Leicestershire and Waltham Agricultural Association dinner:—

"The noble Duke also adverted to the fox-hunting for which the country round Melton was famed. He complained that the custom of erecting wire fences was greatly injuring sport, as they were extremely dangerous to the horses and to human life."

Steel traps and spring guns have been abolished by Act of Parliament. If the lives of country gentlemen are not worth very much, they are at least more valuable than those of thieves. To procure the needful abolition of the wire fences which barbarous agriculturists set in horsemen's way, the fox-hunters throughout the kingdom should form themselves into a Fox Club in opposition to a practice which is as bad as that of digging pitfalls.



## OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.



DEAR PUNCH.—That excellent actor, MR. BENJAMIN WEBSTER, has, for one day only, been performing in the provinces with most complete success. The character which he appeared in was that of Master of the Royal Dramatic College, which on Monday week was opened under his direction, in a manner that I thought was well deserving of applause. The first seven of the twenty who are there to be annuitants were received and housed without formality or fuss, and so were made to feel that the homes which are provided are intended for their comfort, and that they will not be disturbed by any flourishing of charitable trumpets in their ears.

"Of course some captious people say that the College has been built more for the glory of its

founders than the comfort of its inmates, and that the money which has been laid out in bricks and mortar might have been better distributed in doles of out-of-door relief. I don't think this myself, for mere almsgiving is not the object of the charity, which is intended to provide a house for such old actors as by God's will are left homeless in the last years of their life. A second object is to furnish education for their children, and I hope to see the time when the College down at Maybury will turn out as good scholars as Trinity itself. But in the theatrical as well as other callings there is many a poor struggler in want of weekly help; and if the captious people who object to bricks and mortar would find the funds for giving out-of-door relief, they might emulate the good work of the patrons of the College, which surely would be better than merely finding fault.

"As you know everything, my Punch, of course I need not tell you that when actors first appeared in England, some three centuries ago, they were by law permitted to play only in the yards of churches or of inns. *Hamlet* was not written then, or the grave scene might have fittingly been shown in a churchyard, and perhaps a real clergyman would have consented to appear in it. This is really not improbable, for actors then were more in favour with the Church than it is feared, they are at present: a fact which, so the cynics say, is partially accounted for by the knowledge that the clergyman received a handsome fee whenever his churchyard was occupied by players. Let us hope this favour may in due time be revived, and that the clergy will be sensible what help in moral teaching the stage, if rightly managed, is able to afford them. *Septius irritant*—you know how HORACE puts it: and much as many persons may now condemn and execrate it, I am sure that a good play well mounted and well acted is capable not merely of giving people pleasure but of doing them much good. At any rate our clergy ought not to forget that Charity will cover a multitude of sins: and when they fulminate their wrath against the evils of the play-house (which daily are decreasing, and will I trust ere long die out) let them bear in mind the fact that of all trades and professions there is none which is in charity so liberal as the stage. Its members may be vain, may be weak, may be erring: few have such temptations, none are more in danger of being spoilt by popularity, and ruined by applause. But whatever be their faults, their charity should serve to cloak them from the sight of those less hardly tempted, yet peradventure not less liable to fall. Many a poor player from his two shillings a night will freely give a poorer player help when in worse need than he is in himself: and how actors help each other and work for a good cause this newly opened College is now a standing proof.

"Merely hinting that the College is not yet quite completed, and that there are several acres in the hands of its trustees quite fit to be built over when the public finds the funds (the name of the treasurer is J. W. ANSON, so draw your cheque-books, gentlemen, and prepare to sign) I remain with the best wishes to the stage and all its charities,

"ONE WHO PAYS."

"P.S. For the benefit of posterity I must just note the fact that *Lord Dundreary* has been playing for two hundred and fifty nights, while *Peep o' Day* will reach three hundred before the month is out. I would add too, as a fact remarkable in history, that Italian Operas have been heard

this year in London the first week in October: while at the Royal English Opera, old and young men from the country may hear those purely English operas *Fra Diavolo* and *Dinorah*, not to mention *La Sonnambula* and *Les Diamans de la Couronne*. Sweet-voiced MISS LOUISA PYNE never could sing badly, if she were to try; and having recovered from her illness, she now sings all the better for not singing every night. As for MR. MELLON, his orchestra is really now so rich in good performers, that one may almost call him an orchestral Mellonaire."

## THE CAMBRIDGE DUEL.

AS PERFORMED BEFORE THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

PROFESSOR O. PROFESSOR H.

Professor O. H—Y, don't kick up a scrimmage,  
Take these brains, and mark their shape:  
Made in Providence's image,  
Man must not be called an Ape.

Professor H. O—X, I am noways funky,  
And maintain that this is true:  
Man is really but a Monkey,  
Save in moral points of view.

Professor O. Man's a no } Monkey.  
Professor H. Man's a }

Both. From this fix there's no escape.

Professor O. He is drunk,

Professor H. He's a slunk,

Professor O. } Who { asserts } that Man's an Ape.  
Professor H. } Who { denies }

## DEVOTION TO SCIENCE.

AT one of the meetings of the British Association last week, DR. EDWARD SMITH said—

"In certain cases tobacco acts as a stimulant, and may supply to the Literary Man the state of system at night which would be induced by a moderate quantity of alcoholic stimulants, but when the body is of full habit it must lead to disturbed sleep and may lead to apoplexy."

DR. PUNCH said that as a literary man of full habit (*applause*) he should like to ask his friend DR. SMITH whether the unpleasant consequences he indicated might not be obviated by taking both the cigar and a moderate quantity of alcoholic stimulants.

DR. EDWARD SMITH said that he had not directed his attention to that question, and thought that experiments bearing upon it might be conducted with interest and with advantage.

DR. PUNCH, in the most liberal manner, immediately undertook to prosecute them, and departed to his hotel with that view. He was shortly joined by DR. SMITH, and the distinguished philosophers pursued their investigations until a late hour.

## FOLLOW MY LEADER.

A GRAND ball was held the other day at the Imperial Villa at Biarritz, and according to a letter from that place:—

"The toilettes of the ladies were richer than ever. Hair powder seems to be coming into vogue again, for many of the ladies used it on this occasion."

Very probably. The admirable revival of hoops should naturally be followed by a return to hair-powder. The sequacious gregariousness with which the French ladies follow their leader, and the English ladies them, is, though a goose-like, a gratifying attestation of their attachment to the Crinoline Dynasty. Venus forbid that the EMPRESS of the FRENCH should wear rings in her nose; but if she were to adopt such ornaments her example would doubtless be followed by our wives and daughters.

## The Scouring of the Scutcheon.

WHICH his name it is FREDERICK, not FRANCH, CADOGAN,

Agent he was for Restaurateur V.

And each hungry buffer the Frenchman could lug in

Paid the eighth of a penny to FREDDY, writes he.

He feels disgust,

That the thing's discussed,

And conceives his guerdon less than just.

## HISTORICAL PARALLELS.

EVERY one has his oracle. Hasn't PALMERSTON got his SHAPTESBURY? Didn't NUMA POMFILIUS have his EGERIA? Why, then, shouldn't PIUS have his EUGENIA?



A SKETCH AT BIARRITZ.

## THE END OF EVERYTHING.

DEAR DR. CUMMING,

WHAT are you about? Resting on your oars, I hope in smooth water, and reposing after your pull upon the uncertain but profitable sea of prophetic speculation. Well, the scarlet old Person seems likely to have to remove from the Seven Hills with her basket of fish before long; though she won't take the broad hints that have been given her, and has not as yet had actual notice to quit. So much for her; but now let me congratulate you on the triumph which has crowned your labours in the fatidical line. It is recorded by the *Times*, in a paragraph of which I have great pleasure in quoting the subjoined commencement:—

"DEMOLITION OF THE GREAT GLOBE.—A number of workmen have been engaged during the last few days in the destruction of this well-known building in Leicester Square, and yesterday the hazardous operation of stripping the dome of its metal covering was completed."

The present year is earlier by a few twelve months, I believe, than that which you fixed for the end of the world; but what of that? Astronomers, in foretelling the return of a comet, cannot be exact to Greenwich time; and not every sporting Vates is able to state the precise length of head, head and neck, or shoulders, that the right horse for the Derby will win by. The Great Globe has been demolished at a date quite near enough to that which you fixed for the destruction of our earth, practically to verify your prediction with sufficient accuracy. And, what I consider peculiarly interesting, this satisfactorily explains the inconsistency which certain shallow critics have remarked in your prudent investment of the money which you have earned by your literary industry. The Great Globe is demolished; but your investments remain. Long may they remain, and long may you live to enjoy them, and to read the observations of your admirer,

PUNCH.

P.S. ZADKIE! is just out. So are not you.

## On the Skirts of Absurdity.

A LADY (MRS. BEDFORD SQUEERS) defends the present extravagant length of ladies' dresses by saying that it is a very old fashion, originally brought into vogue by NINON DE LONG CLOTHES.

1854 AND 1862.

AMONG the distinguished visitors who are just now honouring us with their presence in this country (come, *Punch* can do the elegant thing when he likes) is that gallant Russian officer, GENERAL LIPRANDI, who is shooting in Scotland. The valiant commander's name was, a few years ago, associated with a day on which he tried, in the service of his own Sovereign, to do us all the mischief he could, and he went at his work like a man, and it is no discredit to him that the result was not quite satisfactory to the EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS. *Mr. Punch* commemorated the event in a little poem destined to live to all time, but as that tremendous hero, COLONEL NORTH (whose unutterably glorious military achievements entitle him to be heard on such a subject) objects to memorials of the Crimean war, and thinks that the Sebastopol cannon, now sprinkled over the country, ought to be called in, like the old copper coinage, *Mr. Punch* begs to modify his original strain, and to make it polite, in honour of a brave soldier no longer an enemy:—

"Remember, remember  
The Fifth of November,  
Inkermann, powder, and shot,  
When GENERAL LIPRANDI  
Fought JOHN, PAT, and SANDY—  
And—gave it 'em awfully hot."

## A Smooth Way of Getting Out of it.

A POET, who is prematurely bald, excuses it in this ingenious and complimentary manner:—"Baldness (he says) is only a proof of politeness paid to the beautiful sex. Is it not the duty of a gentleman always to uncover his head in the presence of the ladies?"

ACCIDENTAL DEATH INSURANCE SOCIETY.—Does this Company insure death by Accident at some time or other? And if you a die a natural death, is the Company liable to action for damages?

THE GREAT EXHIBITION CRY.—"Shop!"